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OXFORD

Oxford Riddle.

There dwelleth a People on the Earth,
That receiveth Allegiance Treason,
That maketh no man a holy mirth,
Callidness, Zeal, and nofinesse Reason;
That findes no man long but in flattery,
That makes Lyves short, and levens Knavery,
That Rob and Chose, and sundry,
Wikkle and Riddell, and many they.

In every Country, by Land and Water,
That hate the field, yet in Merkele Dunes,
That make Kings good, by making Countries
That quench the fire, by kindling flames,
That stille Peace, by blundering Townes,
That govern with impicitte Votes,
That establish truth, by cutting throats,
That kisse their Master, and betray,
Riddle me, riddle me, where are they.

That make Heaven speake by their Commission,
That stop Gods Porte, and hold the power,
That teach hell Blasphemous and vaine words,
And pray high Treason by the howre.

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